

The World 55

Chapter 55: Irene (2)

"What's your deal, bastard?" the man sneered, his grip constricting on my arm. "Do you even comprehend the concept of 'mind your own business'? Why are you meddling in our affairs? And why the fuck are you labeling her as your girlfriend? That's pure bullshit, man. I can see right through your twisted intentions.

I mean, even if this lady conceals her curves, they're still undeniably present. I suppose even someone who reeks of virginity like you noticed that too, rushing to her rescue in hopes she'd favor you. When she lowers her guard, you'll get a taste of her. It's a pathetically cliché move. But sorry, fucker, I've got the first dibs. If you want a piece, come back next time.

Although, I don't guarantee she'll find any more men like me."

Student Leon glared daggers at the man, his eyes ablaze with intensity. "Could you kindly wipe that repugnant expression off your face right now? If not, then I'll have to do it myself."

"Huh..." the man shot back with a challenging glare. "What the fuck did you just say to me?"

"Is that something even a gorilla-looking like you can't comprehend?" Student Leon retorted, his tone oozing disdain. "And here I am, attempting to stoop to your abysmal intelligence just to have those lines penetrate your thick skull..."

I was genuinely taken aback by Student Leon's audacious words. He held the title of the weakest among all the students at the Academy. What in the hell was he attempting here? If he dared to provoke this man further, he'd inevitably find himself in a situation where he'd be beaten to a pulp.

My instincts urged me to intervene and try to defuse the escalating tension when suddenly, a menacing group of men converged around him.

"H-Hey! What are you planning?" I exclaimed.

"This bastard is getting on my nerves... Well, why don't I teach him a lesson about getting beaten to a pulp," the man declared, a sinister grin etching across his face.

What the hell was going on? Did they genuinely intend to assault Student Leon with this menacing group? And why the weren't the staff stepping in? Why were they merely standing by, mere spectators to the impending chaos? The answer struck me like a thunderbolt. This man held noble status, rendering him immune to repercussions.

That's how profoundly corrupted this world was, where the underprivileged had no voice against the powerful.

I wouldn't let him get away with that. I was on the verge of unleashing Atlantis on all these men, but before I could, Student Leon shot me a glance, flashing a devil-may-care smile.

"Don't worry, dear. This will be over soon, so stay right there."

What the hell was he thinking, uttering such optimistic nonsense? "This will be over soon," he said, but the only thing ending soon would be you, you oblivious idiot!

"You seriously piss me off!" the man growled. "Beat him up!"

"Yes, Lord Dominic!"

Before I could fully comprehend the unfolding chaos, the men lunged toward Student Leon. I attempted to shout for them to stop, but before the words left my lips, something mind-bendingly unexpected happened. All the men, mere seconds after charging at Student Leon, were catapulted into the air. A moment later, they plummeted to the ground, their eyes rolled back, revealing only stark white orbs.

Unconscious, defeated.

"Eh?" I stammered in shock. What the hell was happening? I thought maybe someone had intervened, but I saw no one. There stood Student Leon in the midst of the chaos, wearing a satisfied smirk. "W- What did you...?"

"What the fuck did you do?!" screamed the man.

With a devil-may-care smile still etched on his face, Student Leon casually replied, "What do you mean? I haven't done anything."

"Then what happened to these guys?"

"They just tripped on their own feet, maybe?"

"How the hell could that be?!"

Yeah, right. There was no way these guys merely tripped on their own feet and ended up unconscious.

"I know. You must have used some skill!"

Yeah, no. As far as I knew, Student Leon didn't possess any skills, so that couldn't be the case. Unless he hid that fact from the Academy. But that wasn't likely, considering every student underwent a thorough evaluation and investigation. If that wasn't the case, then what the hell was happening here?

"If that's the case, how about we settle it right here, skill against skill?" the man proposed with a sinister glint in his eyes.

"What?!" I snapped my head towards him. "W-Wait! You can't! He's got no—"

Before I could complete my sentence pointing out Leon's lack of skills, he confidently uttered, "Got it."

"Huh?!" I was left bewildered. Why on earth was Student Leon agreeing to a skill-based fight when he had zero skills to boast about? And what made him so damn self-assured? "A-Are you out of your mind?! You know you have no—"

"Don't worry, dear. I've got this," he assured, flashing me another charming smile. The audacity of his grin in the midst of this chaos left me utterly perplexed.

"It seems you two are truly lovers. Well, that's more of what I desire, I suppose." The man licked his lips. "How about I have my way with her right in front of you after I defeat you?"

The man had taken his vulgar comments up a notch. Enraged, I attempted to attack him with my skill. Water materialized in the palm of my free hand, coalescing until it formed a ball. Unlike a typical water ball cast with simple magic, this one was more lethal and could be fatal if executed with full force.

However, since I didn't want to kill him, no matter how vile he might be, I reduced the lethality to only render him unconscious. Raising my free hand, I launched the water ball towards him. However, emphasis on "attempted", my attack didn't reach him; instead, the water ball fell before it could even reach him, gradually transforming into vapor.

"You've got some balls, woman, trying to pull off a stunt like that on me. So, that's your skill, huh? A water-based. Too bad you've crossed paths with me."

Suddenly, his entire form became enveloped in a blistering heat haze, and inexplicably, his hold on me intensified. No, it felt like my skin was burning. Heat shimmers emanated from his grip, causing me to wince in pain.

"L-Let me go!" I demanded, attempting to break free, but his grasp was unyielding. I summoned my skill once more, ensuring it carried enough force to obliterate him. Yet, it evaporated into vapor once again.

"It's fucking useless!" he declared. "No matter how hard you try with your skill, or how much fucking power you pour into it, it'll just turn to vapor! That's because my skill is Heat Wave! I can make my whole body as scorching as smoldering flames. Not only that, but my fire magic has leveled up because of it. And guess what?"

Water-based skills are fucking useless against me too! That's why you're left fucking helpless!" He licked his lips provocatively, which repulsed me, but my hopelessness against his skill kept me from doing anything. The man then turned his gaze menacingly toward Student Leon. "Now, let's get into this!"

Even with the chaos swirling around us, Student Leon remained oddly composed. Whether it was unwarranted confidence or blissful ignorance, I couldn't quite fathom. "Wait," he interjected, flashing an oddly serene smile. Had he finally grasped the imminent danger and decided to negotiate? "It seems we'd put the owner of this bar in quite a bind if we unleash our shitstorm here.

I'm sure you wouldn't want this fine establishment on your tab too. How about we take it outside?"

"Wait?!" I stared at him in disbelief. "What the hell are you talking about?! Why are you accepting this?"

"How can I not, when you're in such dire straits, my dear?" he replied, that infuriating smile plastered on his face again. His nonchalant attitude grated on my last nerve... I seriously wanted to punch him square in the face right now.

"I couldn't give a single fuck about this building, and I couldn't care less about what happens to it. Who the fuck do you think I am? Some kind of penniless man?"

"No, I don't think that one bit. But I also don't think wrecking this establishment is doing you any favors. Someone from your family wouldn't be too thrilled about it, I bet."

In that moment, the man shot Student Leon a murderous gaze. "What the fuck did you just say?"

"Oh? My apologies. Did I get on your nerves?"

"You damn right you did," the man spat. "Now, it's not just about beating you to a pulp. I'm going to fucking kill you right here."

Now the situation had escalated to threats of death. How did things spiral out of control like this? I hoped Student Leon would finally grasp the gravity of the situation with the man threatening to kill him, but when I looked at him, he still wore that damn smile on his face.

"Is that so? Why don't we take it outside then?"

This young man seriously is a fucking idiot!